Since you will buckle fortune on my backe,
To beare the burthen whether I will or no,
I must haue patience to endure the loade,
But if blacke scandale or so foule fac't reproach
Attend the sequell of your imposition,
Your meere inforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and staines thereof,
For God he knowes, and you may partly see,
How farre I am from the desire thereof.
May. God blesse your Grace, we see it, and will say it.
Glo. In saying so you shall but say the truth,
Buc. Then I salute you with the kingly Title:
Long liue King *Richard*, Englands royall King.
Mai. Amen.
Buc. To morrow will it please you to be crown'd?
Glo. Euen when you will, since you will haue it so.
Buc. To morrow then we will attend your Grace,
Glo. Come, let vs to our holy taske againe:
Farewell good Cousen, farewell gentle friends. *Exeunt.*

2nd sq. 3. act

Enter Queene mother, Dutchesse of Yorke, Marques Dorset at one doore, Dutches of Gloster at another doore.

Dut. Who meets vs here, my Neece Plantagenet?
Qu. Sister well met, whether away so fast?
Dut. Glo. No farther then the Tower, and as *I* guesse
Vpon the like deuotion as your selues,
To gratulate the tender Princes there,
Qu. Kind sister thanks, weele enter all togither.

Enter the Lieutenant of the Tower.

And in good time here the Lieutenant comes.
Maister Lieutenant, pray you by your leaue,
How fares the Prince?
Lieu. Well Madam, and in health: but by your leaue,
I may not suffer you to visit him,
The King hath straightly chargde the contrary.
Qu. The King? why, who's that?
Lieu. *I* cry you mercie, *I* meane the Lord Protector.
Qu. The Lord Protect him from that Kingly title:
Hath he set bounds betwixt their loue and me?

I am

I am their mother, who should keepe me from them?
I am their father mother, and will see them.
Dut. Glo. Their Aunt *I* am in law, in loue their mother:
Then feare not thou ile beare thy blame,
And take thy office from thee on my perill.
Lieu. I do beseech your Graces all to pardon me:
I am bound by oath, *I* may not do it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stan. Let me but meete you Ladies an houre hence,
And ile salute your Grace of Yorke, as mother:
And reuerent looker on, of two faire Queenes.
Come Madam, you must go with me to Westminster,
There to be crowned Richards royall Queene.
Qu. O cut my lace in sunder, that my pent heart
May haue some scope to beate, or else sound
With this dead killing newes.
Dor. Madame, haue comfort, how fares your Grace?
Qu. O Dorset, speake not to me, get thee hence,
Death and destruction dogge thee at the heeles,
Thy mothers name is ominous to children,
If thou wilt outstrip death, goe crosse the seas,
And liue with Richmond, from the reach of hell.
Goe hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter house,
Least thou increase the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of *Margarets* curse,
Nor mother, wife, nor Englands counted Queene.
Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsell *Madam*,
Take all the swift aduantage of the time:
You shall haue letters from me to my sonne.
To meete you on the way, and welcome you,
Be not taken tardie, by vnwise delay.
Dut. Yor. O ill dispearsing wind of miserie,
O my accursed wombe, the bed of death,
A Cocatrice hast thou hatcht to the world,
Whose vnavoided eye is murtherous.
San. Come *Madam*, *I* in all hast was sent for.
Duch. And *I* in all vnwillingnesse will goe,
I would to God that the inclusiue verge
Of golden mettall that must round my browe,

 Were